



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,  
I may laugh when I'm merry, or sigh when I'm sad;  
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,  
But truth to delight me, and frien'ship to cheer;  
Of a' roads to happiness ever was tried,  
There's nae half sae sure as ain's ain fire-side!

*My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,*  
*Oh charming's the blink o' my ain fire-side.*  
When I draw in my stool, on my cozy hearth-stane,  
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken it my ain,  
Care's flown on the winds, it is quite out of sight,  
Past troubles, they seem, but as dreams o' the night,  
I hear but ken't voices, ken't faces I see,  
And mark fond affection still glowing for me.  
Nae flashings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,  
'Tis heart speaks to heart at my ain fire-side,  
O' there's nought to compare wi' my ain fire-side!

*My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,*  
*Oh charming's the blink o' my ain fire-side.*

#### THE XIX PSALM

PARAPHRASED FROM BUCHANAN.

YE sons of vain philosophy and pride,  
To folly prone and whelmed in error's tide,  
Behold with sapient contemplation's eye,  
Th' unnumbered glories of the vaulted sky,  
And own what skilful architect divine,  
Arched the wide vault, and bade those globes shine,  
Who hung in ambientair this earthly ball,  
And poured around the deeps encircling all.

As day the night, and night the day pursues,  
Perpetual change! each hour the truth renews,  
That Chance directs not, with such ordered haste,  
The rolling wonders of th' aetherial waste,  
From shore to shore they pour their beams abroad,  
And through adoring worlds proclaim their God.  
Lives there a race in earth's remote extreme,  
So sunk in guilt, so hid from Reason's beam,

As not to see the fixed Divine control,  
Which guides the course of the revolving pole?

Who in the silence of the tranquil night,  
Unmoved beholds the silvery orbs of light;  
Or feels no transport through his bosom thrill,  
When morn comes sporting on the fragrant hill;  
Or sees, with godless thought, day's regent guide,  
His purple chariot from the eastern tide,  
Like some young bridegroom glorious to behold,  
Arrayed in gems, and bright with floating gold;  
Till down the expanse he bids his coursers fly,  
Hurling the day beneath the western sky,  
High o'er the thundering steeds august he stands,  
Like a tall giant with his hundred hands,  
Of princely port, and majesty, and might,  
Proud of his strength, and robed in dazzling light,  
From east to west he whirls his burning ear,  
Through heaven oblique amid each glowing star,  
And pours around the vital heat and soul,  
Which warm, support, adorn, and fill the whole.

But all the glories of th' harmonious plan,  
Never so arrest the wondering thoughts of man,

As Conscience, inmate of celestial Earth,  
Child of the skies, but tenant of the earth,  
With that celestial law in mercy given,  
By secret reins, to guide the soul to Heaven.

Th' Almighty's promise, ever void of guile,  
Can soothe despair, and make affliction smile,  
But when blind Passion prompts the guilty deed,  
That man shall suffer, Justice has decreed,  
That loving Justice, in an angel's dress,  
Which wounds to cure, and punishes to bless.

Lo! fair Religion's venerated men,  
For ever shines in majesty serene;  
'Tis hers to pour upon the mental sight,  
Truth's living ray, and wisdom's cheering light;  
Guarded from age to age, with fear and awe,  
On brazen tablets lives her precious law,  
Than gems more rare, or gold's resplendent ore,  
And sweeter than the bee's mellifluous store.

Deep in the inmost closet of his breast,  
Thy child, great Sire ! shall lock each  
high bethest,  
And then, with holy awe, shall ever guard,  
Thy love, his hope, his glory, and reward.

Who knows the wanderings of the vagrant mind,  
What power can seize them, or what wisdom find ?  
Do thou, O Lord ! each imperfection blot,  
Nor leave the vestige of a single spot,  
Which Sin or Error, with insidious art,  
Stamps on the tablet of th' unguarded heart,  
From Pride's dominion arrogant and dire,  
Preserve the kingdom of my breast entire,  
And save, O save me ! from each sinful care,  
From passion's impulse and temptation's snare.

These warm effusions of a heart sincere,  
Author of good, my God, my father, hear !  
Whate'er my tongue imperfect has express,  
Whate'er the thoughts revolving in my breast,  
Tower of my safety, and thou God of love,  
Receive propitious in thy realms above.  
March, 1809.

### SELECT POETRY.

#### VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY FOR REVIVING THE IRISH HARP.

O H had I liv'd when Ossian sung  
Old Erin's sons renown'd in stov';  
While o'er his harp the warriors hung,  
And caught the kindling flame of glory !  
Or when around the festive board  
That cheer'd the chiefs in Tara dwelling,  
The Bard, the tide of music pou'd  
With Joy and grief alternate swelling :

*May thoughts like these our bosoms cheer,  
As round we pass the bowl of pleasure ;  
And may the ever-circling year,  
Again renew the blissful measure.*

Yet though within the narrow cell,  
The fathers of the song are sleeping,  
And o'er the scenes they loved so well,  
Oblivion's silent mists are creeping ;  
Once more revives the sound of arms,  
The tale of Love, the note of Sorrow,  
And every strain that once had charms.  
A softer tone from time shall borrow.  
*May thoughts, &c.*

When sound your Harps, ye hards of old,  
Who sung, when Erin was a nation,  
What ear so dull, what heart so cold,  
But echoing thrills in sweet vibration ?

Instruct thy sons of latter days,  
To catch some portion of thy spirit,  
For, oh ! when best the song they raise,  
Though their's the crown, yet your's  
the merit !

*May thoughts, &c.*

Your's is the spell that crowns the bowl,  
With joy while every eye is lighted;  
And your's the beam that lights the soul,  
By nature's rigid law benighted.  
For though no dawn of day appear,  
To hail the sightless child of sorrow ;  
You teach them from the rap'rd ear,  
A new created bliss to borrow.

*May thoughts, &c.*

And your's the voice to charm us here,  
In social brotherhood unite us ;  
And your's to bid the unborn year,  
To scenes like this again invite us.  
From tongue to tongue shall memory dwell  
On tales of Erin's ancient glory,  
And minstrels yet unborn shall tell  
To wond'ring worlds the matchless story.

*May thoughts, &c.*

#### SONG, ON THE SAME OCCASION.

AIR—"KITTY TYRREL."

LAST Minstrel of Erin how sweetly thy finger  
In strains of wild melody sweeps o'er the strings,  
While each lengthen'd vibration seems slowly to linger,  
And say "tis the genius of Erin that sings," Our hearts wildly thrill with extatic emotion,

As ravish'd we list to thy heavenly strain,  
Thy wild notes would tame the rude spirit of ocean,

And make the poor captive forget all his pain.

And shall then thy warm earnest prayer be rejected ?

Shall the song of the Minstrel be suffered to die ?

No ! the Harp of Ierne no longer neglected,  
Shall again draw a tear from the patriot eye,  
For Belfast still contains a few generous spirits,

That burn to revive "the sweet song of the bard,"

All who see their exertions, shall speak of their merits,

And honour unfading shall be their reward.

#### SONG.

FROM THE SELECTION OF IRISH MELODIES BY SIR JOHN STEPHENSON, MUS. DOC. AND THOS. MOORE, ESQ.

AIR—"BLACK JOKE."

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,  
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke,